



SCHULTZ IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING

Beppe Schultz, boulevardier, raconteur, connoisseur, sportsman, bon vivant, hail fellow well met—in short, typical American college man—smokes today's new Marlboros.

"Why do you smoke today's new Marlboros, hey?" a friend recently asked Beppe Schultz.

"I smoke today's new Marlboros," replied Beppe, looking up from his 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car, "because they are new."

"New?" said the friend. "What do you mean—new?"

"I mean the flavor's great, the filter's improved, the cigarette is designed for today's easier, breezier living," said Beppe.

"Like this 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked the friend.

"Exactly," said Beppe.

"She's a beauty," said the friend, looking admiringly at the car. "How long have you had her?"

"It's a male," said Beppe.

"Sorry," said the friend. "How long have you had him?"

"About a year," said Beppe.

"Have you done a lot of work on him?" asked the friend.

"Oh, have I not?" cried Beppe. "I have replaced the pushrods with a Boots type supercharger. I have replaced the torque with a synchromesh. I have replaced the tachometer with a double side draft carburetor."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the friend.

"I have replaced the hood with a bonnet," said Beppe.

"Lando'Goshen!" exclaimed the friend.

"And I have put gloves in the glove

compartment," said Beppe.

"My, you have been the busy one," said the friend. "You must be exhausted."

"Maybe a trifle," said Beppe, with a heavy little smile.

"Know what I do when I'm tired?" said the friend.

"Light a Marlboro?" ventured Beppe.

"Oh, phaw, you guessed!" said the friend, posting.

"But it was easy," said Beppe, chuckling kindly. "When the eyelids droop and the musculature sags and the psyche is depleted, what is more natural than to perk up with today's new Marlboro?"

"A great new smoke with better 'makin's and a great new filter!" proclaimed the friend, his young eyes glinting.

"Changed to keep pace with today's changing world!" declared Beppe, whirling his arms in concentric circles. "A cigarette for a sunnier age, an age of greater leisure and more beckoning horizons!"

Now, tired but happy, Beppe and his friend lit Marlboros and smoked for a time in deep, silent contentment. At length the friend spoke. "He certainly is a beauty," he said.



"He's a beauty," said Beppe.

"You mean my 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked Beppe.

"Yes," said the friend. "How fast will he go?"

"Well, I don't rightly know," said Beppe. "I can't find the starter."

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If you're sticking with the good old non-filter cigarette, you can't do better than Philip Morris—a mild, rich, tasty smoke, made by the people who make Marlboros.



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